

SOCIETY CHRONICLES HOME JULIA MURDOCK'S GOSSIP PAGES

HOME WANTED

By DWIG



Miss Julia Vail Will Become Bride Of Breckinridge Rust This Evening

Ceremony Will Be Performed at Home of the Bride-Elect on Q Street.

WEDDINGS heralded the return to Washington of the hundreds of people who have made their homes at various resorts during the summer, and wedding will continue to be the leading interest until the social season opens.

This evening Miss Julia Vail, daughter of Mrs. James Lee Marshall and the late Commander Holman Vail, U. S. N., will be married to Breckinridge Cabell Rust, formerly of Washington, but now of Philadelphia, at the home of her mother, in Q street. Owing to mourning in the family, the wedding will be more quiet than had originally been planned for, and it will be attended only by the members of the families, and a few out-of-town guests and intimate friends.

The bride will be escorted and given in marriage by her step-father, James Lee Marshall, and will have no attendants.

John Barry will be Mr. Rust's best man, and the only other bridal attendants will be Miss Mancy Kew Hamilton, as flower girl, and two ribbon bearers, Miss Margarette Marshall, and Miss Bernice Smith.

An informal reception will follow the wedding ceremony, and later in the evening Mr. Rust and his bride will leave Washington for a wedding trip. After October 15 they will be at home in Philadelphia.

Another interesting wedding of this evening will be that of Miss Edith Lardmore and Paul Albert Ewing. This, too, will be a home wedding, the Rev. Arthur H. Marsh performing the wedding ceremony at 7 o'clock at the home of the bride's parents in the Berkshire apartment.

A large attendance will fill St. Margaret's Episcopal Church this evening at 8 o'clock for the wedding of Miss Margaret Lloyd Hoge, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Schofield Hoge, and James N. S. Brewster, Jr., of Elizabeth, N. J. The pastor of the church, the Rev. C. Ernest Smith, will perform the wedding ceremony.

Miss Barbara Hoge will be her sister's maid of honor and the bridesmaids will be Miss Alice Brewster and Miss Margaret Hoge, of Elizabeth, and Miss Mollie Ross, of Doylestown, Pa.

Charles Brewster will be best man for his brother, and the ushers will be Edward Ashmead and Edward E. Poore, of New York, John Serrell, of Plainfield, N. J., Marquand Walter, of Lakewood, N. J., W. Cabot Brewster and Philip D. Hoge.

A small reception will follow at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hoge in Fifteenth street.

A large attendance is expected at the performance of the "Poor Little Rich Girl" at the New National Theatre on Monday evening, October 27, for the benefit of the Christ Child Society. "The Poor Little Rich Girl" was penned by Eleanor Gates, first as a novel and later dramatized by herself.

A card party for the benefit of the Georgetown University Hospital will be held at Boush's on Monday afternoon, November 10, at 2 o'clock. Mrs. A. E. Murphy is chairman of the committee in charge of the affair, which bids fair to be of great interest, owing to the many valuable prizes which have been collected by Mrs. Joseph Strasburger, who is looking after that end. The distribution of tickets is in charge of Mrs. Isaac Gans.

Miss Ruth Parker returned to Washington today from Middleburg, Va., where she went yesterday afternoon to attend a dinner and a dance.

Mrs. Richard Butler has returned to Washington after an absence of two years, and has taken an apartment at 1509 Sixteenth street for the season.

Mrs. Stephen R. Elkins and Miss Katherine Elkins have arrived at the Shoreham to remain several days while their house is being opened. Mrs. Elkins and Miss Elkins have just returned to this country after spending the summer abroad.

Dr. and Mrs. John Crayke Simpson are spending a short time at the Shoreham before going into their home.



MRS. BRECKINRIDGE RUST.

Dr. and Mrs. Breckinridge Rust and their charming little daughter, Miss Olga, have returned to Washington from their summer place at Sayville, L. I., where they spent the season. Miss Louise Rust, who spent the greater part of the summer at Sayville with her brother and sister-in-law, also returned with them, and they are all with Dr. Rust's mother, Mrs. John Bayne, in Connecticut avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. Bayne are preparing to take possession of their handsome new residence in New Hampshire avenue within the next few days.

Judge and Mrs. Charles B. Howry and Miss Mary Howry returned to Washington from Jamestown, L. I., where they had a cottage for the summer. Miss Elizabeth Howry, who spent most of the summer making visits in the North, is now in New York, where she has again taken up the study of music.

Mr. and Mrs. Dalton Baker, formerly of London, have arrived in Washington, and taken a house in Eighteenth street, where Mr. Baker will establish a studio. Mr. and Mrs. Baker are accompanied by their young son, Mr. R. Baker, who is an accomplished musician, will teach at the Cathedral School. He has sung in this country when he made tours, and he was presented with a diamond pin by the late King Edward at the time Mr. Baker sang at Windsor Castle, when the King of Greece was visiting there. He has also sung before others high in royalty.

Senator Saulsbury of Delaware and Mrs. Saulsbury have leased the house at the northwest corner of Nineteenth and R street for the season. They have taken the house furnished.

Congressman and Mrs. Ben Johnson expect to go to Kentucky for a short visit, about November 1. Miss Nancy Johnson, their daughter, is in Kentucky and has been making a round of visits which covers several weeks.

St. Mary's Guild, of the Children's Hospital, will be the beneficiary of the first night's performance of "Peg o' My Heart" at the Belasco Theatre, Monday, November 3.

The partial list of patronesses so far included: Mrs. F. B. McGuire, Mrs. Charles C. Glover, Mrs. Thomas M. Gage, Mrs. William H. Brownson, Mrs. Marion Hyde, Mrs. Leonard Wood, Mrs. John A. Johnston, Mrs. R. Ross Perry, Mrs. George T. Dunlop, Mrs. Horace Westcott, and Mrs. Armstrong Peter. Boxes have been taken by Mrs. McGuire, Mrs. John A. Johnston, and Mrs. Brownson.

Mrs. McKee Dunn McKee's Engagement Will Soon Be Announced.

No news of a social nature received here in a long time, has been more agreeably received than that of the intended announcement of the engagement of Mrs. McKee Dunn McKee, and Frederick H. Brooks, both of Washington. Mrs. McKee was formerly Henrietta Bates, and she is the daughter of the late General Alfred E. Bates, and Mrs. Bates. Her belle-hood was spent at the family residence, N and eighteenth streets, which is now under lease to Colonel Robert Lincoln.

Mrs. McKee and her little boy have spent most of the three years since the death of Mr. McKee, at her home at Asheville, and her mother has made her long visits. Mr. Brooks is the son of Mrs. Randolph McKim, and is both wealthy and popular.

The second Spanish Secretary and his family, and the family who are at Newport, and have taken a leading part in society there all summer, have decided to remain there until in November, when they will return to Washington.

Assistant Secretary of the Treasury John Skelton Williams and Mrs. Williams, with their two children, Miss Isaac, of Richmond, and the Misses Johnson, of Washington, left recently aboard the Onondago for Washington, after spending the week-end at Old Point, en route, from their country home, Paxton on the James.

Mrs. Dwight Chandler, formerly Miss Amy Richardson, has gone to Fort Monroe, Va., to spend part of October.

Capt. and Mrs. William H. C. Bullard are among those from Washington who will sail on October 14 from New York aboard the Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, of the North German Lloyd line, en route to London.

An interesting party from Washington, to Boston, early in the week to attend the bankers' convention. In the party was the President of the American National Bank and Mrs. William T. Gallier, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gallier, and Miss Lucy Demorest, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George H. Demorest. At the bankers' ball at Symphony Hall Tuesday evening Miss Demorest was chosen as one of the prettiest girls present.

Mrs. Braisted, of Washington, joined Dr. Braisted, U. S. N., of the U. S. S. "Albatross," at Old Point Comfort, Va., this week, to remain until the ships of the Atlantic fleet sail on October 25 for the Mediterranean cruise.

A wedding of interest to Washington took place in Delray, Va., Tuesday evening, when Miss Susie Anne Chevalier, of Delray, and Stanley Lester Alport, of Penola, Va., were married in the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. J. H. Robertson, the Rev. G. W. Hurt, of Staunton, Va., officiating.

The bride, who was escorted and given in marriage by her brother, E. A. Chevalier, of Washington, wore a beautiful gown of soft white crepe de chine trimmed in pearls and carried a bouquet of white roses.

Quantities of ferns, goldenrod and autumn leaves were used to adorn the house for the occasion.

A reception followed the wedding ceremony, and later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Alport left for Jacksonville, Fla., where Mr. Alport is in business, and where they will make their home.

For 'The Times' Children Just Before It's Bedtime

ORIS AND THE OGRE.

ONCE upon a time, a long, long time ago, there lived upon the shores of the sea a poor fisherman with his wife and nineteen children. There were not many people in this part of the world then, but back from the beach behind the mountains was a race of wild men called ogres. And the fisherfolk were dreadfully afraid of these creatures, for an ogre is one of the ugliest things in the world. They wore no clothing, but a rough, reddish hair covered their bodies. Their faces were a bright green, from which shone huge yellow eyes like automobile lamps on a dark night.

But the worse thing about the ogres was their thieving habits. They would get all the fish the men caught, and did this by upsetting a boat when they saw it coming to shore. Or they would sneak into the shed at night and slip away with the barrels of fish on their heads, for they were very strong and nothing could hold them, except one thing, which was to get them with their hands behind them. But no one ever succeeded in doing that.

The people all left that part of the sea; that is, all except this fisherman and his family, and the only reason he did not go was that it was hard moving nineteen children. The smartest of the lot was a lad about ten named Oris. Now, Oris thought he would get even with the ogres if his father would let him try, so he went out early one morning in the boat and very soon started home, just as if the boat was full of fish. As he neared land there on the beach stood a young ogre whose father was chief of the tribe. This person's name was Hudo.

"Good morning, Mr. Hudo," said Oris politely. "Is there anything I can do for you this morning?"

Hudo grumbled that, as he was going to be married that night, he had come to get some fish for the wedding feast.

"Well, that is strange," exclaimed Oris, as he glanced in his boat. "Every one of the fish I caught is gone!"

"I don't believe you are telling me the truth," returned Hudo. "I'm hungry."

So the youngest son went out to seek his fortune, and came to the palace of a princess where he was given the five hundred yards of carpet, one hundred feet wide, which would go through the eye of a needle.

So runs the fairy tale in the Arabian Nights, but with the introduction of the new material "duvetine" or "duvetyne," upon the market it does not seem to have been such a disastrous exaggeration after all. Many yards of duvetine can be easily passed through a bracelet without crushing or injuring.

Duvetyne is material very much like the new velvet de laine which was placed on the market last year, but more soft, light and clinging. It has all of the general characteristics of very fine panne velvet, but is capable of being crushed, without wrinkling, into a much smaller compass. The story connected with the invention, as it might be called, of this new material, is rather interesting.

Recluse, one of the great French fabric designers, realizing that velvet-fabric had great possibilities, but that it would have to be made more pliable to accord with the clinging styles of the day, took that material and after experimenting with it some time, succeeded in forming a new material which he called duvetine. This he placed in the hands of the famous dressmakers and they were delighted with it. The secret leaked out and copies were instantly made. Limpid and soft, duvetine preserves all the richness and warmth of velvet, yet clings to the figure like wet cheesecloth.

For afternoon wraps and suits this material is unexcelled. Dark shades of exquisite hue, made up with brilliant-colored linings give the Oriental effect of extreme wealth of color and unusual rarity of quality. At present very little is positively known as to the wearing qualities of duvetine, or of the possible price which will eventually settle itself as a mean. Indications are that while prices remain high, wearing quality will offset any seeming extravagance of a purchase.

Butterflies continue to be quite the rage. Hats are not alone, in being the resting place of these dainty and airy creatures. An ermine muff described by a New York fashion writer, is decorated with a ruff and formal looking butterfly of colored black silk, spread out on the striking background of white.

What Upset Her.

Missess-What's the matter, Nellie? Have you taken something that doesn't agree with you? New Maid-Yes, mum-this job.



He went out early one morning.

and want something to eat. Besides, my bride is very fond of fish and I must have a few barrels by night."

"I will tell you where you can get plenty," laughed the boy. "Father has a dozen barrels hidden in the old shed. If you come around about moonrise I will let you in. Then, maybe, I can get you some extra things for your wedding feast." Now, if there is anything an ogre loves it is bright colors and ornaments, so Oris promised to have some at his disposal.

At moonrise the young ogre came running up to the shed, very hungry and very cross, but Oris, softly called for him to come in gently.

"Here are the fish," said the boy, pointing to a pile of barrels. "But before you start, let me draw you up for your wedding." Then he took a piece of tar and smeared it over the ogre's rough hair.

"You will be better able to carry the barrel if you put a rope to both your wrists," continued the boy. So Hudo let Oris tie the ends of a rope to each wrist.

"I am going up the ladder to get you a pretty necktie," said Oris, taking the rope by the middle and running up the side of the shed into the loft. But just as soon as he got above the ogre, he jumped down behind him, taking the rope thus over Hudo's head. With a jerk, he pulled the ogre's hands quickly behind his neck. This made Hudo helpless.

"Now I have got you good and fast," said the boy, coming around in front of the ogre. "And I mean to keep you prisoner till your father promises never to come into my land again—then he must bring us ten bags of gold from his big mine in the mountain."

The ogre moaned and groaned and rolled around in the dirt till his hairy coat was full of sticks. But Oris would not let him go. So Hudo wrote his father a note, and Oris took it up and dropped it at the ogre's door at dawn. By noon there came a wagon full of bags of gold, and the father himself sitting on top.

"Young man," said the father ogre, "you have conquered us fairly. You are the first one to get any one of us with our hands behind our backs. Here is your gold and none of us will ever trouble you again for we all are going over to live in the land from which the bride comes, which is 400 miles from here."

So Oris let the young ogre go free and called his father to come and see the bags of gold, and the children and the father and mother and Oris dragged and dragged and had the jolliest time of their lives pulling the bags into the shed.

The ogres went away and were never seen again. The fisherman now began to have an easy time, for with his gold he bought new boats and a new house and new clothing, so that all nineteen of the children were richly arrayed. They have ice cream for dinner every day and an extra plate in the afternoon, then there were plenty of mince pies always in the cupboard, and the hall closet was choked full of toys, such as skates and balls and bats and games so that the whole family were as happy as if it were Christmas, Thanksgiving, and Fourth of July rolled into one.

MOTHER! MOTHER! YOUR CROSS, SICK CHILD NEEDS ONLY "CALIFORNIA SYRUP OF FIGS"

If peevish, feverish, tongue coated, give "fruit laxative" at once.

No matter what ails your child a laxative of the first treatment given. Look at the tongue, mother! If coated, it is a sure sign your "little one's" stomach, liver and bowels need a gentle, thorough cleaning at once. When cross, peevish, listless, pale, doesn't sleep, eat or act naturally; if breath is bad, stomach sour, system full of cold, throat sore, or if feverish, give a teaspoonful of "California Syrup of Figs," and in just a few hours all the clogged,

Julia Murdock Thinks Actresses Keenly Interested in Colors

Lina Abarbanell Finds Her Chief Delight in Bright Hued Scarfs.

THEOPHISTS have long asserted and proven the influence of color on temperament; the eminent sociologists cannot over-estimate the value of surroundings of the proper color as an influence upon the mental, moral, and physical welfare of the poor; but it is not often that a musical comedy prima donna can be credited with knowing and thinking of a subject obviously so far removed from her line of endeavor. For, though much may be said to the contrary, outside of a few hobbies, theatrical people, as a rule, eat, sleep, and drink nothing but the theater—their role, their costumes, and their associates.

Miss Lina Abarbanell, the sprightly little Viennese singer, who is coming to Washington next week to sing in "The Red Canary," the new opera, believes implicitly in the influence of color upon one's personality. Miss Alice York, who will be seen at the Belasco in "Oh, I Say," also has some original views upon colors.

Miss Abarbanell never travels without carrying an assortment of gaily-colored scarfs with her. These she uses to ornament her hotel apartment, and when visitors enter her room the first thing that strikes the eye is the riot of brilliant colors.

Tells of Her Love For Pretty Colors.

"Ah, you notice the pretty colors," she said to me the last time it was my pleasure to visit her in Washington, less than a year ago. "Perhaps you are surprised, but I do this wherever I happen to be, just as I do in my own home. I like bright colors. They seem to have an influence on me. I am more cheerful and happy. If you are interested in such things—and you ought to be, it is all very interesting. Here, let me show you something."

And Miss Abarbanell went over to her desk, where she picked up a scrap book and handed it to me. In it was pasted between fluttering notices of herself and pictures of the same charming person, a paragraph which read:

"It is a matter of sober fact that there is a small minority of people perfectly healthy in mind and body who cannot visualize anything without its color."

"Red, for instance. What a joyous emotion is expressed! How intense! I think all this comes under the head of 'what scientific people call 'color thinking.' It is just the same thing with the sad things in life. We speak of poverty and as a rule, and of a lowering sky as gray. We speak of pleasant things in terms of color, too, and this new play of mine—'The Red Canary'—well, I shall not make any boasts. I shall wait for the verdict of the public."

Miss York of the "Oh, I Say" company, has something to say about colors in relation to complexions.

"What is a poor woman going to do now?" she asks. "The scientists say that in a short time the dark-skinned people will own America, and it seems as if there might be some truth in the remark. The women of Paris are making over their complexions to harmonize with this idea. There are no more 'pale' and 'cream' complexions in Paris. They have thrown that all away with the roses. Yellow is the color now. Everybody in Paris is going in for the dusky olive complexion. All this is in the complexion department, which is to be noted in the millinery and gown styles. And now that the women of Paris are adopting the dusky complexion, it has become necessary for them to have dark eyes. If America takes up this new complexion 'sport,' it is awful for the blondes! What are the women going to do who colored their hair with henna leaves, and what is going to become of the stage make-up box, with its pink and white powders, its 'pale' and 'cream' complexion, its brown and yellow? If this complexion becomes the rage, as it probably will, because American women are quick to seize upon the novelties sent over by their French sisters, the blonde will become a rarity. Use of grease will prove lasting benefit."

"However, the wearing of this new complexion will have its excellent effect because women will use more vegetable grease to remove it, and grease is the basis of all good complexions, which is a secret, by the way, that few people outside of the theatrical profession know."

"Wrinkles, blotches, and that dead look that some people acquire after the first bloom of youth has departed vanish through the constant use of old cream and vegetable oils, and by using the various creams to remove make-up, the actress is always sure that her complexion will remain young. So for this reason, of for no other, the new dusky complexion should become popular with every woman."

JULIA MURDOCK.

LOCAL MENTION.

Light Your Residence By Electricity. Electric Webster, 717 14th.

GROGAN'S



MISS LINA ABARBANELL.

being presented to them in some sort of color."

"I believe this because it is true," Miss Abarbanell said. "Have you ever felt this influence? Do you know there are some people who never think of the day of the week or the date of the month without seeing it in color? It may be yellow, blue or green. I suppose that is why some people speak of 'blue Monday.' In music, too, there are certain tones on the piano and organ, and even in singing that suggest colors to many sensitive people. Oh, what a beautiful tone is violet! So it is with nearly everything else in life. In literature as well as music, emotions and colors are always felt in colors."

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LOCAL MENTION.

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